ILBUR WINFIELD WOODWARD,

Wide Fame Achieved During a Short Life, His Pictures Exhibited In the Paris Salon-Sketch of His Life and Works.

and toiled.

Foodward was a native of Indiana and his ne was always in this State. Had he not d in the first years of mature manhood re is no doubt he would have ranked as one he great artists of his age. As it is he left rk which is of the highest order of merit, i which the inhabitants of his native State 7 always speak of with pride and isfaction. There is no need to veil ticism under the mantle of friendship in aking of Woodward's work. It can stand me. The honest criticism of an enemy, re there any such, could not but be favoria. His paintings had received the hearty proval of some of the great masters before died, and to-day several pictures from his mah adorn the walls of such recognized trons of art as James Gordon Bennett, thert Bonner and other American and Eupean men of wealth and taste.



The artist was born in the village of St. Omar, Decatur county, in 1851. Before he could walk or talk he gave striking and amusing evidences of what later proved to be an artistic genius. As soon as he could hold a pencil or a bit of coal in his hand he tried to draw pictures. One day he saw an old-fashioned country menagerie stringing through the village with its big wayoun hed its tired, ill-kept elephant and came: 1518-59 along in the dust. This was a wondarfassight to the three-year-old and he could think of nothing else all the evening. The next morning he was hardly out of bed until he had his slate, and when he was called to breakfast could not be persuaded to give any heed. His mother humored him, and he worked away. After awhile he came forth with his flicture, his cheeks glowing with excitement, and what was the general surprise to find that the baby had made a picture of as elephant from memory, which was amazingly like the snimal which he had seen the day before.

whefore.
Then this time on the child was allowed all
privileges he wanted to make pictures,
the still rapidly developed. When he
st entered school the family had removed to
Paul, a village near St. Omar, and little
libur's talent, which had made him locally
nous at the old home. Was not familiar in
a new. The first day that he went to school



UNCOMPLETED AT HIS DEATH.

ht for fame. During his boyhood he Lookout Mountain with his father. It at after the famous battle at that place, a boy's imagination was inflamed by storic access and the storics of valor sath which he heard. After reaching he undertook to paint a large picture of Lookout Mountain landscape, hat work which now hangs in the of his parents' home is an ating study. As a work of art it is of full of imperfections, and its interest lefty in the fact that it is more an ement of the vague, wild fancies which through the young artist's brain than the representation of any real thing. The is a dark, gloomy landscape with Lookout in the distance dimly outlined a faint streak of light which the place where the sun will rise. In the foreground stand two in officers' uniforms, one gazing across it country through a field glass. About laids, on which these officers stand, are red the bodies of several soldiers, evisian in a battle of the preceding day, filters are reconnoitering be ore the in preparation for the coming day's.

WORKS OF A DEAD ARTIST room where the judges were to an decision. Woodward was so we fear that his work would rank lov



At the age of twenty-one Woodward went to Europe and remained two years in Antwerp and Paris. Then he returned to the United States and taught another year in the university at Cincinnati Again he went to Europe, and for seven years, without a single return to his native land and almost without a holiday, he toiled at his loved art in the race for same. One winter he spent in the island of Corsica, and was charmed by its quaint inhabitants and its primitive customs. Several of his notable pictures were produced in Corsica, and it is worthy of mention that the atmosphere of those works has a blue clearness not seen in his pictures painted in other lands. Woodward's interest in, and abborrence of, the famous Corsican vendetta, was deeply aroused by a peculiar incident. While in Corsica he formed a warm attachment for "With loved labor, and in converse sweet," rence of, the famous Corsican vendetts, was deeply aroused by a beculiar incident. While in Corsica he formed a warm attachment for a young native gentleman, whose family had been for generations carrying on a vendetta. The young man himself said he felt no desire to murder the members of the opposing family for deeds done by their ancestors, but for the honor of his own family he was obliged to carry on the leud with unabated ferocity. He had for years been careful to avoid meeting male members of the family of his enemies, and he knew that they had been also avoiding him. This was not from cowardice, but purely from a desire not to shed innocent blood. On several occasions when Woodward was with him, this Corsican went to places by circuitous routes, to avoid meeting his hereditary enemies. Had he met them, and not killed one or more of them or been killed himself, his family would have been dishonored forever and would have disowned him. A year or two after his visit to Corsica, Woodward heard of the death of his friend at the hands of one of the family enemies. He had sold his life dearly, however, having killed one of his assailants before receiving his own death-wound.

To get his picture received at the Paris Salon, is the greatest object of every ambitious painter, but the number who are privileged to see their works accepted and hung on the line, in that renowned gallery, are few as compared with the candidatea. Probably not one artist in one hundred ever has the pleasure and honor to have a picture accepted by the Salon. Toward this end then, the young Indiana artist bent every power of his genius. Time and again his pictures were refused admission, but he recognized no defeat, and at each repulse renewed the struggle with new determination.

"With loved labor, and in converse sweet, The golden summer passing slow away."

Miss Mary H. Krout, of Crawfordsville, heard of the death of Woodward soon after she had seen his picture "Ossian." She had never met the artist, but had been deeply impressed with the beauty of the painting. On learding of his untimely death Miss Krout wrote the following poem:

I stood one day where there were many pict That subtle skill had wrought;
The living language, clothed in form and color
Of many a noble thought.

Green trees in one bent o'er a pool of water,
That mirrored back the skies,
Where floated lilies, o'er whose waxen petals
Poised gauze-winged dragon-flies.

A lonely peak of solitary mountain
Caught and held fast a cloud.
That wrapped it whitely as the dead, and covered With an enfolding shroud.

Here browsing cattle drowsed in summer noon-tide;
A red-lipped maiden laughed
Where cavaliers, with plumes and swords and gauntlets,
In mirth their red wine quaffed.

But one, more than all others, charmed me; I looked—I could but stay In willing durance to the wondrous beauty That held me in its sway.



There was an old court near his studio where the artist used to go sometimes in leisure moments for rest. It was surrounded by a high stone wall with a narrow, steep stairway mounting beside it. Pigeons loved to come into the sunny, quiet place and peck the crumbs—which fell, and occasionally some graceful girl would come tripping down the steep steps, throw the cooing birds a handful of grain, and disappear through a massive old gate which led into the street. While observing these pleasant things one dreamy day, it suddenly flashed upon Woodward's mind that here was a fitting subject for a picture, and while the mood was upon him he plunged into the work of putting it upon canvas. He hardly stopped to eat or sleep, and in two weeks the picture was completed. He sent it away to the Salon and it was accepted.

From that day there came a marked change in the young artist's fortunes. He was recognized by the critics, and his praises were heard on every hand. People of means sought out his studio, and left orders for pictures. The great Gerome regarded him highly, gave him lessons, and did much to call attention to his merits. Then, by months or labor, Woodward produced the great picture which was destined to become his masterpiece. He called it "Ossian," and it doubled his tame with a bound. The picture represents Ossian, blind and old, bereft by the death of his sons, the last of his noble race, channing his grief to his daughter-in-law, who has thrown herself in an abandonment of sorrow upon the steps of the dais upon which the old man sits. The scene of the picture is a vast apartment in a castle. Immense stone pillars are dimly visible, and as one studies the painting he seems to be able to pierce the gloom of the background further and further, until after awhile he may discern the faint figures of tapestry upon the walls and pieces of arms and armer hanging about. A light from above streams down upon the ancient's strong but time worn (ace, and upon the marble whiteness of the woman's shoulder, and upon a f

deeds. O daughter of Toscar, give thy tears to Ossian, for he has seen the tombs of all his friends."

"Ossian" was first exhibited in the Paris Salon, afterward at the Centennial Exposition—at Philadelphia, and still later at the International Exposition at New Orleans. Everywhere it was received with the greatest praise. An indication of the value of this painting, put in a form which all can understand, is the fact that when it was offered for sale a few years ago the price asked for it was \$2.500. Persons of recognized judgment in matters of art said the price was too low rather than otherwise. In 1881 Woodward's nealth began to fail, but he worked on as long as he could. Then he came home to his parents, who at that time lived in Lawrenceburg. His health did not improve, but he was able to accomplish some very good work by the aid of the loving assistance and service which his family gave him. One of the great Paris Illustrated periodicals at this time sent Woodward a commission to attend the Yorktown centennial celebration for the purpose of preparing some pictures for its use. Although he should not have done so, the artist undertook the work. Exposure caused his malady to take a turn for the worse, and from that time on he was confined to his bad the greater part of the remaining few months of hife, He fought valiantly against death, but consumption had him in its relentless grasp and every week his pale cheek grew more wan and hollow. The end came in March, 1832, and the brilliant artist, Wilbur Winfield Woodward, not yet thirty-two years old, was laid away in eternal sleep in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati.

The parents or the dead artist are Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Woodward, who now reside at No. 602 Central avenue. They have in their keeping the most notable of the pictures painted by their son. Among the collection is "Ossian." They also have the "Old Court," the first painting which was accepted by the Salon. Another of the artist's notable works is a life-size figure of a nude ludian maiden st

It was the blind and hoary bearded Ossian, Whose harp's deep music rang Like a sad voice that lent its lamentation To the wild song he sang.

Prone at his feet, her purple robe revealing
Her lithe and sinuous grace,
His daughter, with her yellow tresses stream-Gazed up into his face.

And then I said: "Here has a faithful master
His inner nature shown.
And Ossian's story—its despair and sorrow-inwoven with his own."

I thought to hear again of high achieve-ment '
Through future years, his are
Rip'ning as time should school with all its

His warm, impassioned heart. And now, alas! that when the earth is waking
From out its winter sleep,
When all its buried treasure it is yielding,
It should his ashes keep;

That in the emptiness of silent darkness. It should these dead hands hold. In endless idleness, shorn of their cunning Rigid, unnerved and cold.

I think of all the evil souls that batten
Like rank weeds in the sun.
And flourish on, while such as his are taken
Whose work was scarce begun.

And longing to refute death's bitter logic With faith that cowers and quails Before this truth, "he was and is not," My hope ungrounded fails.

And yet I seek to find some consolation
In this, that he somewhere
Has found a fuller life that those who loved With him one day shall share,

Where beauty even he could not imagine
Unbounded spaces fill;
And where, unhampered by our limitations,
This freed soul has its will.

He walks and talks with those whose mighty genius

He here on earth revered—
Those whose pure wisdom made them through
the ages
To human hearts endeared.

The saintly Raphael, the glorious Titian,
The mystic Florentine,
Whose pictured face looked dimly on
coffin.*
His spirit eyes have seen.

. "Tis strange a name linked to a shadowy pre ence Should make the hot tears flow; That I should mourn with keen, regretful sor one whom I could not know.

*[The unfinished portrait of Dante stood of its easel at the head of Woodward's coffin.]

Those Bids On Bricks.

The bid of Robert Kennington for bricking South street is less than \$2 per square yard, which, the engineer says, is cheaper than was ever offered before. Some of the other contractors say that Mr. Kennington's bid is about fifteen hundred dollars less than cost, and that he will not be able to do the work at the figure he names. They all appear to be worrying about the matter excent Mr. Kennington. Engineer Mansfield has not completed his test of brieg, and will not make his report to the Board of Public Works until next Monday.

RHEUMATISM

After suffering untold agonies three much treatment without relief. I decided to take Swift's Specific. Eight bottle -CURED ME ENTIRELY-

the value of your great remedy for Rheumatism. JOHN McDonald,

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

These Testimonials Mean Something. They tell the Wonderful Story of Cures by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. They are Not Purchased, Nor are they written up in Office, Nor are they from our Employes. They are Facts, and Prove that HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA Possesses Absolute Merit, and is Worthy the Confidence of the People.

Every day adds to the many cures of Scrofula and other diseases of the blood effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla. All parents whose children suffer from humors should read this statement. Mr. Ruby is a well-known railroad man, running on the Pennsylvania Rd. between Columbia and Philadelphia.

The following letter, received just as the being prepared, bears right on the point:

Office of Dr. H. F. Merr Aver Pennsylvania Rd. between Columbia and Philadelphia.

Dear Sira—In justice to ven I would like a word as also for

"I wish to tell what has been done for us and our little boy by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Until he was six years of age he was from birth a terrible sufferer from

Scrofula Humor

Sores would appear on him and spread until as large as a dollar and then discharge, only to be followed by others, so that the larger part of his body was one mass of sores all the time. The scrofula was especially severe on his legs and back of his ears and on



Son of Harry K. Ruby, Columbia, Pa.

down, and it was impossible for him to run about and play like other children. Frequen-tly when he tried to walk his legs would erack open and the blood start from different places. The humor had a very offensive odor, and caused

Intense Itching

We cannot tell how that poor boy suffered in all those years. Physicians did not effect a cure. At last I decided to give him Hood's In about two weeks the Sarsaparilla began to have effect. The sores commenced to heal up; the flesh began to look more natural and health. Then the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles he was entirely free from sores, having only the scars to show where they had been. These

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

have all disappeared. We are unable to express our thanks for the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done our little boy." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

The Cure Was Permanent

"Columbia, Pa., Jan. 9, 1892.
"I have had numerous inquiries about the cure of my son by Hood's Sarsaparilla and am glad to be able to reply to all that the cure was permanent. He is new

In Perfect Health and his skin, once such a pitiable sight on

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, do not cause pain or gripe.

The following letter, received just as this advertisement | double runner, was knocked down, and

Dear Sirs-In justice to you I would like a word, as also for Hood's Sarsaparilla. I do not use any of these remedies myself, but I have found among many friends and patients your preparation spoken of in the highest terms of praise, as a fine, genuine strengthening remedy, doing all you claim for it. And what is better still, your TEST MONIALS ARE GENUINE. I have taken pains to write to quite a number.

Lost 25 Pounds

Hood's Sarsaparilla Made a Wonderful change.

Deathly Sick I would then take a swallow of cold water



25 pounds. My wife and family were very fluch alarmed and I expected my stay of earth would be short. I had tried almost everything I could think of without the leas benefit. July 4, 1890, a friend, named Miles Brong, of Hornellsville, asked what made me

Weak and Thin

I replied I was sick and had been for two or I replied I was sick and had been for two or three months, and could get no help. He said he had been in the same condition, took Hood's Sarsaparilla by advice of Dr. Jamison, and was perfectly cured. He urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and said if the medicine was not successful he would pay the bith. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla on the evening of July 4, 1890; in the morning I ate

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipa-tion, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

DR. H. F. MERRILL-

secount of the scrofula humor, is as soft and smooth and healthy as any child's. I am always glad to tell about and praise Hood's Sarsaparilla and also continued to have a good appetite for three meals a day. I gained two pounds per week until I got my regular weight back again. In all I used eight bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and at the expiration of that time I was a well man and never felt better in my like. To-day I am cured and I give Hood's Sarsaparilla the whole praise of it."

A Dark Prospect

Mr. Charles C. Aber, the well-known grocer, of Canisteo, N. Y. says:

"About May, 1899, I was taken with pains in my back and chest I could eat scarcely anything, and had a faint feeling in my stomach most all the time. When I bears to the charles of the Liver

This statement comes from a highly esteemed Boston lady:
"O, I, Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
"Three years ago I was in very poor health, and was told by a leading physician of Boston that if I did not go through a course of treat-



Veins Were Bursting

all over my body, and, as he expressed it, rotting. The blood would rush to my head at times until tears rolled down my face. He said it would end in apoplexy. I could not pay doctor's bills, and having heard good reports about Hood's Sarssparilla, gave it a trial. I had only taken one bottle when my blood circulated naturally, and I had no more numb spells or hot flashes. I continued to take it for about nine months, with constant improvement all the time, until I became a very picture of health and felt perfectly well. Then I had a collision with the deaduy

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

Congestive Chills

and could not lie upon my right side. Then I was taken with tonsilitis; had to have my tonsils lanced, and was very sick and low, the doctor said my fall congested my liver, and caused neuralgia of that organ. He left a prescription which I tried a week, but got no better, and I was utterly discouraged. I then sent for Hood's Sarsaparilla, and had not taken half a bottle before I was nearly well. I soon fully recovered and have been in

I could write in praise of Hood's Sars all day and then not say enough. W I feel run down I take Hood's Sarsap few days and am soon all right again the best medicine I ever knew of." A W. JORDAN, 165 Tremont St., Bosto



King of Medicinese

And His Cure Was Almost a Miracle

White Swellings

appeared on various parts of my body, an was an invalid 11 years, being confined my bed six years. In that time ten or ele of these sores appeared and broke, caus me great pain and suffering. Several the places of bone worked out of the so Physicians did not help me and I became converged.

couraged.
"I went to Chicago to visit a sister, was thought a change of air and scene n do me good. But I was confined to my most of the time. I was so impressed the success of Hood's Barssparilla in similar to mine that I decided to try it. bottle was bought, and to my great grat tion the sores soon decreased, and I bega feel better. This strengthened my said the medicine, and in a short time I was

Up and Out of Doors.

"Always Attractive."

This reference is to genuine CLAY WORSTEDS, such as may be found at the Kahn Tailoring Co. Every gentleman ought to have a Clay Worsted Suit for

unconventional evening wear. We would also call attention to our

AND MARSEILLES Vestings, of each of which we have about 100 patterns, which we are making up, as ordered, into handsome vests. SUITS \$20 AND UPWARD.

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SPRING GOODS

So nice and so cheap that every baby should have one.

Also the best line of Velocipedes and Tricycles, Safeties at MAYER

29 and 31 West Washington St.



With each vehicle sold, until MAY 15. A. H. STURTEVANT & CO., No. 68 South Pennsylvania Street. JAMES M. ELDER, Manager Retail Department.



BICYCLES.

. Prices from \$20 to \$180. Pneumatics, Cushions and Solid Tires. All the leading English and American akes. Cash or installments. Cata

H. T. HEARSEY & CO.

WE HAVE 178,000 7-lb. Cream L'Hds, 8 x 10, which we offer i 5 M. Lots at \$2.40, 10 M. Lots at \$2.05, 20 M. Lots at \$4.00

WM. H. LANGSDALE PRINTING CO.,